

Correspondence Column

T.D.C.C.

Drawn by R. H. Cooper.

NEW MEMBERS.
Dear Editor,—I have heard so much about your lovely club that I am longing to become a member. I am sending one of my stories, and hope it will be put in Tuesday's paper. Please send me a badge. I am twelve years old, and am in the last grade of grammar school. Hoping to be your most earnest and devoted member.
315 West Broad Street,
P. S.—Give my love to all.
ROSE E. HERMAN.

Dear Editor,—I am sending two drawings which I hope will please you. Hoping to receive my badge soon, I remain,
A new member,
NANCY WOODWARD,
725 Chamberlayne Avenue, Ginter Park, Richmond, Va.

Dear Editor,—I am sending this drawing, and I hope you will print it. I have been a member a long time, but you haven't sent me my badge. Will you please send it to me as soon as you can? My address is
ELEANOR KNOX,
R. F. D. No. 2, Richmond.

Dear Editor,—I want to join the T. D. C. C. I will send you my drawings. I hope to see them in the paper.
Yours sincerely,
EDITH S. TUCKER,
2313 Stuart Ave., Richmond, Va.

Dear Editor,—I have been interested in the T. D. C. C. for some time, and I want to join your club. Please send me a badge. My name is Wortham Bell. I live 102 North Elm Street. Is there any special size in the drawing? If there is, let me know.

Dear Editor,—I thought my prize was fine that you sent me last week. I am sending in a drawing. Hope it will escape the wastebasket.
Yours truly,
McKENNEY, Va. WILL B. DOYLE.

Dear Editor,—Please send me a badge, as I lost my old one. Our school started last Monday, but it is hard to have to go to school. But it is raining to-day and has turned a little cooler. I enclose a drawing, which I hope can be printed.
Your member,
HELEN SOMERS TURNER,
Huntly, Va.

Dear Editor,—I received my badge. Thank you very much for it. Everything is getting to look very much like fall. My father has an apple orchard, and the apples are very large and red. They look so pretty hanging on the trees among the green leaves. I wish you could see them. The other kind of trees' leaves are turning red and yellow. We have been going school over a week. I am in the seventh grade and am thirteen years old. Enclosed you will find a drawing.
Your member,
HELEN TURNER,
Huntly, Va.

P. S.—Hope my letter is not too long.
Dear Editor,—Enclosed you will find a drawing of a butterfly. I hope to see it in print. Please excuse me for not writing to the club, as I have started school and am studying very hard. With love to all the members,
Your new member,
ANNIE HUGHES,
Avon, Va.

Dear Editor,—I thank you very much for printing my letter and rabbit, but mostly for my prize. O. Editor, I am so impatient for it to come. I have been waiting for it, and I have been so busy admiring her that I almost forgot the T. D. C. C. Page. Editor, I thought very much, and will send the last part next week. I have written a few verses about our baby, and hope you will print them. Only father was not angry about the baby, but thanks her grand, nor do I call mother and father ma or pa. I only used those words to make it rhyme. Will I have to offer it to the office as a badge and prize? Many thanks again for printing my work.
Your loving member,
VIRGINIA MARSHALL COLE,
1515 Fourth Ave., Highland Park, City.

Dear Editor,—Enclosed you will please find a puzzle, which I hope will be printed in the Sunday's T. D. C. C. Page. Editor, I have sent in three or four drawings, but failed to see any of them in print. Hope you will find a place for this one. Love to all the members and yourself.
Yours lovingly,
ANNIE HUGHES,
Gladstone, Nelson County, Va.
P. S.—Editor, please send me a badge. Thanking you kindly.
A. B. S.

Dear Editor,—Enclosed please find a drawing, which I would like to see in the paper. Please send me a badge.
KENNETH BRANNON,
250 East Leigh Street, Richmond, Va.

Dear Editor,—I am a new member. I want to join your T. D. C. C. Club. I am ten years old. I think I will be pleased to join your club. I have read the stories and looked at the pictures, so I am going to join the club. I will send in a drawing to-day.
From your new member,
CATHERINE MARY HARRISON,
250 East Leigh Street, Richmond, Va.

Dear Editor,—I would like to join the T. D. C. C. story club. Inside letter is the answer to the jumbled names of flowers, and also the answer to jumbled names of fruit. I am your hoping to be member.
OLLIE GOODT,
357 Broad Street.

Dear Editor,—I want to join the T. D. C. C. Club. I enjoy reading it very much. I am going to visit my grandmother Thursday. I will send a little story in. Please send me a membership badge. Yours truly,
CORINNE E. GREENE,
Poncha, Va.

Dear Editor,—I am a girl fourteen years old. I go to school, and I am in the eighth grade. I am sending some drawings, which I hope will escape the wastebasket. Hoping to see my drawing in the paper, I am,
Your new member,
LORRAINE FIELDS,
Norwood, Nelson County, Va.

Dear Editor,—Many thanks for the badge you sent me, and I am so glad to join the T. D. C. C. Club. Am sending you a drawing, which would delight me to see in the Sunday's paper, as I am interested in drawing and can't try to do the best work I can for the page, so I can soon get a prize. Excuse writing, as I have never been to school any, and this is my first letter with you. Will start to school this fall, as I am seven years old now.
Your new member,
LOWE LUNSFORD, JR.,
Dear Editor,—I am sending a butterfly, which I think will do for the heading of the page. I hope to see it in print. I think you will soon have another new member, my friend, Ruby Yancey. I must close.
Your new member,
ANNIE HUGHES,
Avon, Va.

Pleased With Books.
Dear Editor,—I enclose a drawing for next Sunday, and will hope to see Mr. Wastebasket. I thank you ever so much for them. I hope the thing that you sent me, and the gold medal certainly is pretty.
Yours truly,
DENNIS BRADSHAW,
Crewe, Nottoway County, Va.

Faithful Member.
Dear Editor,—I was indeed glad to see my poem on the page last week, and I wish to thank you for publishing it. As it has been some time since my last drawing appeared, I am enclosing one with this message, which I hope I can meet with your approval. I have always been a steady contributor, and I have had quite a number of drawings and stories printed since I joined you all. But in the future I am going to try to do even better, and sincerely trust I will win one of those lovely little medals. I was awarded one in June, 1912, by our dear Mrs. Tyler, but I had the pleasure of wearing it only a very short time, for the class and I lost it. I certainly don't feel bad about it. Ever since then I have been trying to win another, but as yet I have not succeeded in doing so. But I have not given up all hopes, and I am going to see if I cannot improve my work. Perhaps that will help some. With sincere wishes to all,
Love, truly yours,
DOROTHY M. SMITH,
1512 West Main Street, City.

Likes Prize.
Dear Editor,—I thank you very much for my prize. I think it was fine. I certainly was surprised. I have read it all pretty near. I guess you think I did pretty well for the T. D. C. C. But I haven't. I am sending in a story called "The Golden Goose." I hope it will be published. Please don't put my stories and drawings in the weekly paper.
Your old member,
ANDREW BOTTOMS,
2319 Q Street, City.

Editorial and Literary Department

BE CAREFUL ABOUT ADDRESSES.

My Dear Girls and Boys,—Here are some new members for our club, and a great many other applications for membership have just come in this week. I don't believe that our club has ever been in a more flourishing condition, and I, for one, am very proud of it. What do you say?
Now I want all of you, new members as well as old, to watch out about your addresses. Several badges have been returned to the office because some of you had failed to give me the correct address. I want Elizabeth Hill's address for her badge and Frances Hutcherson's prize has been returned from the post-office because of improper direction. A number of the badges will be mailed this week, for we have had to wait for some others to be ordered, so don't get impatient, children, they'll come walking into your home one fine morning, bright and early, before long. I don't want the children ever to think that your editor is forgetting your badges or prizes or medals, for many, many things in the work of your club claim attention, and they will be sent soon.
Thank you, so much, Rose Seta, for the morning glories. I do dearly love them. Somehow they seem like fairy flowers, so fragile and delicate, you could just make up stories all day long looking at them and wondering about them, couldn't you?
YOUR EDITOR.

PRIZE WINNERS OF THE WEEK.

Leroy Moring, Beck, Va.
Nell Walker, 401 Otey Avenue, Bedford, Va.
Henry Folkes, 2821 Floyd Avenue, City.

"A LUCKY LOSS."

He was lonely and lost, standing there on the curbstone, unheeded by the people passing. His name? Well, Raggy will do. There's many like him. The wind was chilling, and no—it wasn't snowing, but just the same the huddling outcast was cold through his rags, and the shirt torn at the neck only added to his discomfort.

"Move on; don't stand here, disgracing God's church by such filthy presence," said a voice beside him, and the tramp slouched off, avoiding the disgusted face of the minister.

"They help the poor," muttered he when out of the "sky-pilate's" hearing, "but is there any help for the inside. Us poor bobs can't get a look in. We are even chased away from the look-out."

"My last quarter, too," he held it lovingly in his hand and sighed, and sighing, stretched himself upon a park bench.

The young man, swinging his cane, strolled along gayly. Smoke drifted from his cigarette into the freezing air, and great clouds hung over his huge fur overcoat.

At the sound of a piping voice he paused.

"What's the trouble?" he inquired crossly of a small child crying as she wandered along.

"Lost my money that papa gave me for candy," the little one replied between sobs.

"Lost your money. Tell that to your mother; she's trained you well, all right. Fancy me hitting on that!" He

laughed as he walked, and patted the large roll of bills lovingly.

The tot went crying on her way. Suddenly a face bobbed up from a park bench.

"What's the matter, kiddy?" he asked. "Lost my money papa gave me to buy candy?"

The tramp's face softened. It was as if a voice from another world were speaking.

"Say, what'll you give me for this?" he asked nicely.

The money glinted in the pale light of a distant lamp.

"Oh!" she cried, and sprang upon him. We all have our weak points, so it's nothing startling that Raggy had his.

For many a day he remembered that hug and innocent kiss, and through the course of his wanderings met many times with evil; but the little face, smiling, fought for the defenseless unfortunate, and fought victoriously.

So, after all, don't you think it was rather a lucky loss? Are is a much-to-do-about-nothing?
Composed by
ALVIN HATTORF.

THE MAN IN THE HALL.

Once there were some six-year-old cousins visiting their grandpas. They were playing "I spy" in the twilight, when they heard a voice calling them.

It was their grandpa calling them; it was time to go to bed. They left the front hall, but wasn't any in the back hall. There's a man in the back hall, said Emily. It ain't anybody in the hall, said one. You're always afraid, he said.

There is somebody in there. He's got a long coat on and a hat pulled in his hands.

Let's tell grandpa. No, they said, he'll only laugh at us. So they went and laid on the sofa to wait for him to go out. After a while they came down and found them asleep and took them to bed. The next morning they awoke up early and went to see what he had stolen. They found he was still there. He was a long raincoat with a hunter's cap hanging over it and an umbrella on one side of it.

Composed by
MELVIN ELLIS,
901 North Thirty-fifth Street, Richmond, Va.

ELIZABETH'S SIGHT-SEEING TRIP.

(Conclusion.)
"You are going sight-seeing," said the leader to Elizabeth. "I know the town pretty well," she said smilingly.

"You are going to see our town lower down, boys," he said, turning to the men with the seat, who instantly did as they were told. "Get in, Miss," they said to Elizabeth. Elizabeth got in the large seat and fixed herself in a comfortable position. The men lifted the seat on to their shoulders and started off. "They went in to a gateway into a small town. They passed little red and green houses, with pretty ivy climbing up, and very green from lawns, and little men and women at work—the men cutting grass; the women washing windows and making them so shiny one could see their faces in them. They passed through a garden, when—"

"Elizabeth!

Elizabeth! Wake up!" came two voices at once. And the little men who were holding the seat trembled so that the seat shook. All at once she was lying under the tree, and the trembling men were only the girls trying to awaken her. They had come back to find out why she had not joined them. Elizabeth jumped up and was soon on her way home, telling the girls her dream.

Original, composed by
VIRGINIA MARSHALL COLE.

SIR WILLIAM NAPIER AND THE LITTLE GIRL.

One day Sir Napier was walking down a country road, and he saw a little girl crying over a broken pitcher. He asked her why she was crying, and she said, "I was sent to buy some milk, but I dropped the pitcher, and I need six pence to buy a new one."

Sir Napier put his hand in his pocket and said: "I have my money at home, but you can meet me here at this hour and I will give you six pence."

The little girl was comforted and went home. When Sir Napier reached home he found an invitation from a friend to come to a dinner party. Sir Napier declined the invitation and told his friend, "I have promised a little girl to meet her, and of course I can't come, for I will keep my promise."

IDA ANTEN.

A WALK IN THE WOODS.

It is such lovely weather for walking, that my cousins and myself went for a walk in the woods. Although Jack Frost had not touched the leaves much it was lovely. We stood on the bank and looked down, we saw the sumac with its bunches of crimson berries, and dark green leaves a little way off was the golden rod with yellow tops, back of them were the trees, their green leaves turning yellow. Farther on we came to a creek; we had such fun crossing on the slippy rocks. We came home very tired, but did not regret our long walk. We expect to go again soon, and then we will take our lunch.

ELSIE RUDD,
516 North Thirty-third St., Richmond, Va.

AUTUMN SONG.

Autumn has come,
And summer is gone—
'Ring in the hay,
And cut down the corn.

Where are the children,
Who so merrily played,
In the hay fields
And under the stack.

"They're gone off to school,
In hurry are they,
I can't find his stockings
And ribbon, neither can May.

At last they're ready,
And start at a run,
They chatter and laugh
Tidely for fun.

And now boys and girls,
Who cry and fret
Because of a few lessons to get,
Don't do it again in your life, long.
But run off and sing this happy song.
(Composed by)
LILLIAN FRANKLIN.

VIRGINIA.

Nothing is quite so beautiful as the autumn sky.
When down in Virginia Autumn is passing by.
Nothing is quite so sweet as the morning dew.
When hand in hand, down in Virginia I stroll with you.

Nothing is quite so beautiful as the Golden Rod
That blooms down in Virginia on the old time sod.
Nothing is quite so grand as the mountains there.
When down in Virginia, throw away your troubles and banish care.

God bless our State. "Tis a glorious one.
Life in Virginia is never finished; it has just begun.
Original. By
NELL WALKER,
401 Otey Avenue, Bedford, Va.

THE SOUTH SHOULD NOT FORGET.

I.
In the clash of armed millions, on Europe's bloody field,
In the whirl of passing airships, whose early doom is sealed,
Should it be forgotten, that fifty years ago,
On the field of old Manassas, did the blood of thousands flow,
And that the men in Gray, won there a hard fought fight,
That echoed thro' the years, and thrilled the heart of right?

II.
MacDowell came from Washington, to lay Virginia waste,
On the eve of battle boastful, at the end he left in haste.
Our heroes held the field, 'gainst many a thousand shock,
Till Smith's brigade arrived, they held firm as a rock.
Then the tide of battle changed, the invaders driven back,
Our army saved from capture, our capital from sack.

III.
Tho' the Germans now sweep onward, to curb proud England's power,
Tho' Belgium's king and kingdom, await the final hour,
Yet the South should not forget, the deeds of long ago,
In the present war of nations their memories flicker low.

The soldiers of Virginia, who fought until the end,
Few remember how they died, their country to defend.
LOIS AVERILL,
Howardsville, Va.

Puzzle Department

A CHARADE.

My first is in F, but not in left.
My second is in L, but not in tell.
My third is in A, but not in say.
My fourth is in M, also in man.
My fifth is in R, but not in day.
My sixth is in R, but not in hat.
My seventh is in I, but not in tie.
My eighth is in O, but not in low.
My ninth is in N, but not in tin.
My whole is the name of an astronomer.

Composed by
WRAY BARKER.

JUMBLED NAMES OF GIRLS AND BOYS.

1. Arym.
2. Jkca.
3. Leteh.
4. Kwilalm.
5. Acrla.
6. Jhno.
7. Ilese.
8. Awtirle.
9. Blncaeh.
10. Jaopie.
11. Lancel.
12. Enryh.
13. Achetiren.
14. Ahry.
15. Lezibthe.

Composed by
ANNIE B. SINCLAIR,
Nelson County, Gladstone, Va.

PUZZLE OF GREAT MEN.

1. What great man wrote the first dictionary in the English language?
2. What great man wrote the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire"?
3. What great man, after he went blind, wrote "Paradise Lost"?
4. What famous English poet was expelled from Oxford?
5. What famous English poet never went to school?
Composed by
MARGUERITE HARRIS,
Harrisonburg, Va.

Names of Flowers.

1. See how the sun shines on this flower.
2. Do not forget to bring me the paper.
3. Do not touch me.
4. This lily was found in the Valley of the Hudson.
5. It is a clock now.
6. Put the butter in this cup.
7. Rose is so prim.
8. A flake of snow, if melted, will make a drop of water.
9. A great part of the nation have ridden in this car.
10. You had better put this cape around you, Jasmine.
MARGARET PROCTOR,
Drakes Branch, Va.

Jumbled Names of Mountains.

1. Ridge lueh.
2. Laet.
3. Sares.
4. Pale.
5. Out Look.
Your member,
KATHLEEN HALL.

Jumbled Names of Colors.

Kinp.
Weloly.
Dye.
Merac.
Onagt.
Renge.
Rhwyo.
Kleba.
Beck, Va.
Composed by
CLAUDINE MORING.

A Charade.

My first is in O, but not in dog.
My second is in H, but not in hay.
My third is in I, but not in eye.
My fourth is in O, but not in hoe.
My whole is the name of a state.
LEROY MOATING,
Beck, Va.

JENNY WREN AND HER NEW HOME.

"One bright summer's day a little bird spied an old rocking-horse in the yard of some little boys and girls. The horse was old and worn with the rough handling which it received from the children and the tail had been pulled out by John, who wanted it for whisks when he had a show. This pretty little house-hunter spied the hole where the tail had once hung, and went in to investigate.

"Oh, this would be a fine house for my young and no cat could get them either," she said.

At once she flew over to her husband and told him of her investigation.

Both father and mother bird set to work carrying feathers, straw, hair, strings and twigs.

In a few days the nest was finished and not long after, four little eggs were beneath the mother bird's warm breast.

In a few weeks time, four little birds with open mouths, came into the nest.

Then came the busy time for mother and father bird, getting bugs and worms for their babies.

The babies grew fast and soon became large enough to fly.

(Composed by)
SAMUEL L. GARTHRIGHT.

A BRAVE DEED.

One day a boat was getting ready to leave the wharf, when an old man tried to get on it. He came about a minute too late and fell into the water, just as he was getting on the boat.

A young man, who was leaning over the rail, saw this accident. He threw off his coat and plunged into the water. He soon brought the old man on board the ship. The man who was saved was very rich, but the young man was very poor. The rescued man gave his rescuer a great reward. The young man did not long afterward married the old man's daughter.

MOULIE SHAPIRO.

Autumn sky,
Autumn dew,
Autumn song,
Autumn view,
Autumn scene,
Autumn dream,
Autumn joy,
Autumn love,
Autumn life,
Autumn death,
Autumn end.

Composed by
VIRGINIA BESSON.

MacDowell came from Washington, to lay Virginia waste,
On the eve of battle boastful, at the end he left in haste.
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The soldiers of Virginia, who fought until the end,
Few remember how they died, their country to defend.
LOIS AVERILL,
Howardsville, Va.

Composed by
BESSIE WILLIAMS.

Composed by
WILLIAM COOKE.



Drawn by Dewey G. Conway.



Drawn by Naomi Williams.



Drawn by Henry Folkes.



Drawn by Helen A. Lucy.



Drawn by Majorie Williams.



Drawn by Dorothea Vaughan.



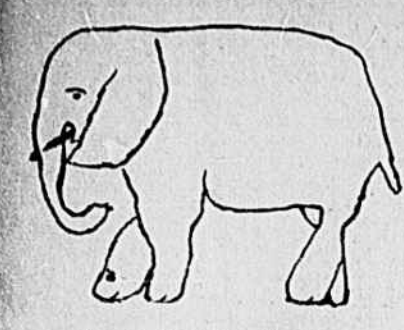
Drawn by Marie E. Williams.



Drawn by Sally Beal.



Drawn by William Cooke.



Drawn by Julia Rodgers.



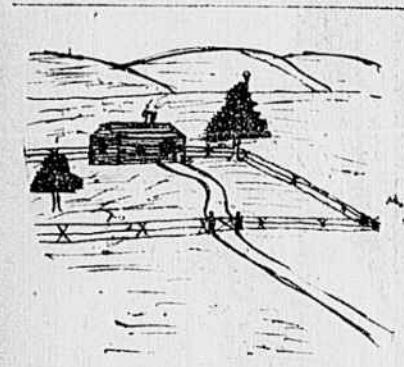
Drawn by Mary Tunna.



Drawn by Hester W. Stuart.



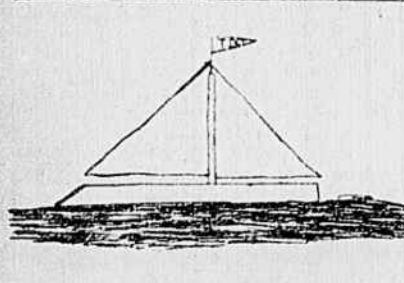
Drawn by Bennie Williams.



Drawn by Ambler Gluzebrook.



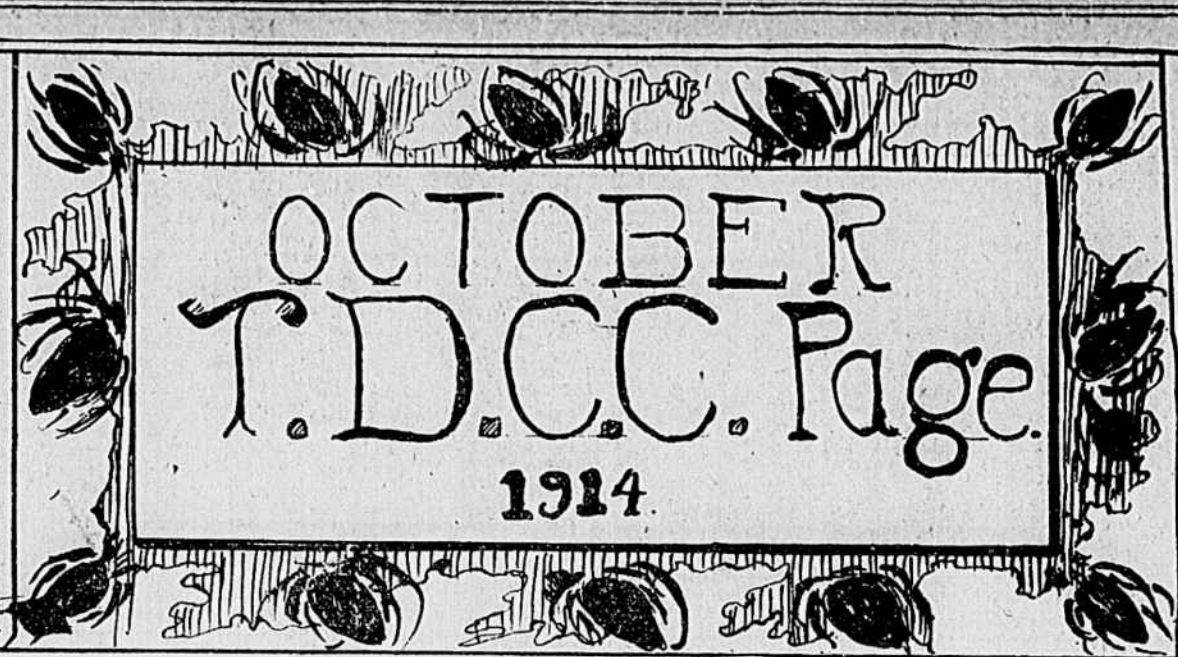
Drawn by Eugene Landrum.



Drawn by John Bowle.



Drawn by Jeannette Strauss.



Drawn by Grace Davis.

Editorial and Literary Department

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YOUR EDITOR.

PRIZE WINNERS OF THE WEEK.

Leroy Moring, Beck, Va.
Nell Walker, 401 Otey Avenue, Bedford, Va.
Henry Folkes, 2821 Floyd Avenue, City.

"A LUCKY LOSS."

He was lonely and lost, standing there on the curbstone, unheeded by the people passing. His name? Well, Raggy will do. There's many like